

The Slut in the Hut

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The Man had his porn. The Man had his palm.
Yet he was unhappy, and failed to stay calm.
These things were not fresh. Nor were they brand
new. So he longed for real flesh, and began feeling
blue. He rubbed his long shaft while he viewed his
porn, but he failed to get stiff and remained quite
forlorn.

"I need a slut. I need a whore." He didn't need
smut. He needed more. He looked on the net, and
then on backpage, then in his wallet, and bellowed

with rage. "I haven't the cash," he cried, sounding dire. "No lady of the night may I quickly hire."

Then he thought of whom he could see. "The Slut in the Hut!" he shouted with glee.

He put on his coat and donned his hat, then went out with his heart beating rat-a-tat-tat. She wasn't young, oh no siree, yet in his poor state she was all he could see. He arrived at the hut and started to wail, hoping no cop was there to throw him in jail.

Soon, the slut did answer his plea. She acknowledged his need by saying "You really want me?"

"I haven't the funds that you may require, yet I hope my plea isn't met with your ire."

"I play only if you pay," said the Slut in the Hut, "no ifs, ands, or a single but."

"But I cannot get cash in a dash," to the Slut said the Man. "I'll pay you as soon as I possibly can."

It wasn't her nature, it wasn't her style, yet she saw his allure after a while. She may be a Slut, she may be a whore, but there were times when she wanted much more. She longed for a man, so sure of himself. I'm not getting younger, she thought to herself, "The Man asked for trust, and trust him I must."

Then into the hut the two of them strode as the Slut showed him her humble abode. It might be humble, it might be small, for it was indeed a hut after all. He saw it was tidy, he saw it was neat, maybe even the neatest on the street.

Without a word the Man she led, through the small hut and to her big bed. Off came his clothes and she palmed his cock. No sooner did she do that it was as hard as a rock.

"I like it," she said, pulling him onto the bed. She swallowed his shaft well past its head. She was good, him deep in her throat. The best cocksucker, she'd get his vote. He knew he would

cum, he knew he would spew. "Stop, please!" he cried, "I want it in you!"

He fell from her lips as she removed her smock, and then spread her legs to take in his cock. The Slut was wet. He slid in with ease. All the way in, then her tits did he squeeze.

Her decision she knew had been so wise: it'd been awhile since she had a man of his size. He stretched her. He filled her. He went fast as he drilled her. Soon, "I'm cumming, she cried," pulling him to her, to hold him inside.

"I'm cumming too," he moaned with delight, from his spewing a new spasm did ignite.

She creamed some more, dreamed some more, screamed some more, nearly tossing him to the floor. They fell to the bed, tired and spent. He said, "I'll pay you for sure. That promise I meant."

The Slut said with a smile, "You can stay, if for only a while."

The Man looked down upon her on the bed, a creampie he espied, a new urge in his head. He grew hard again, and back into her he sped, plunging ahead, not leaving but rocking the bed instead.

"Fuck me, fill me!" the Slut cried anew. The Man did her hard, climaxes to ensue.

She screamed more than in years. Her orgasm brought her to tears. Unlike before, he pulled out of her and spewed some more. His cum was warm. Her belly he drowned. She rubbed it all over her shaved pubic mound.

She begged him to stay one more time. "But I cannot pay, not one thin dime."

She begged him again to be her man. A steady companion, not on the hourly plan. "Pay me with this," said the Slut in the Hut, touching his cock and then a nut. The Man, happy to agree, only thought of getting his sex now for free. Neither one cared (if the truth be told). Both were happy to let things unfold.

Unlike other stories of this ilk, it would not go as smooth as the silkiest silk. There would be no happily-ever-after, with much champagne and much laughter. The Man was a selfish jerk, open and shut, and the Slut would always be just the Slut in the Hut.

This is **The End...**

on that you may depend!

